

Greetings from Mayflower Land



BY A. L. O. H.

A
819.1
H

Bree

J. D. Logan

A
819.1

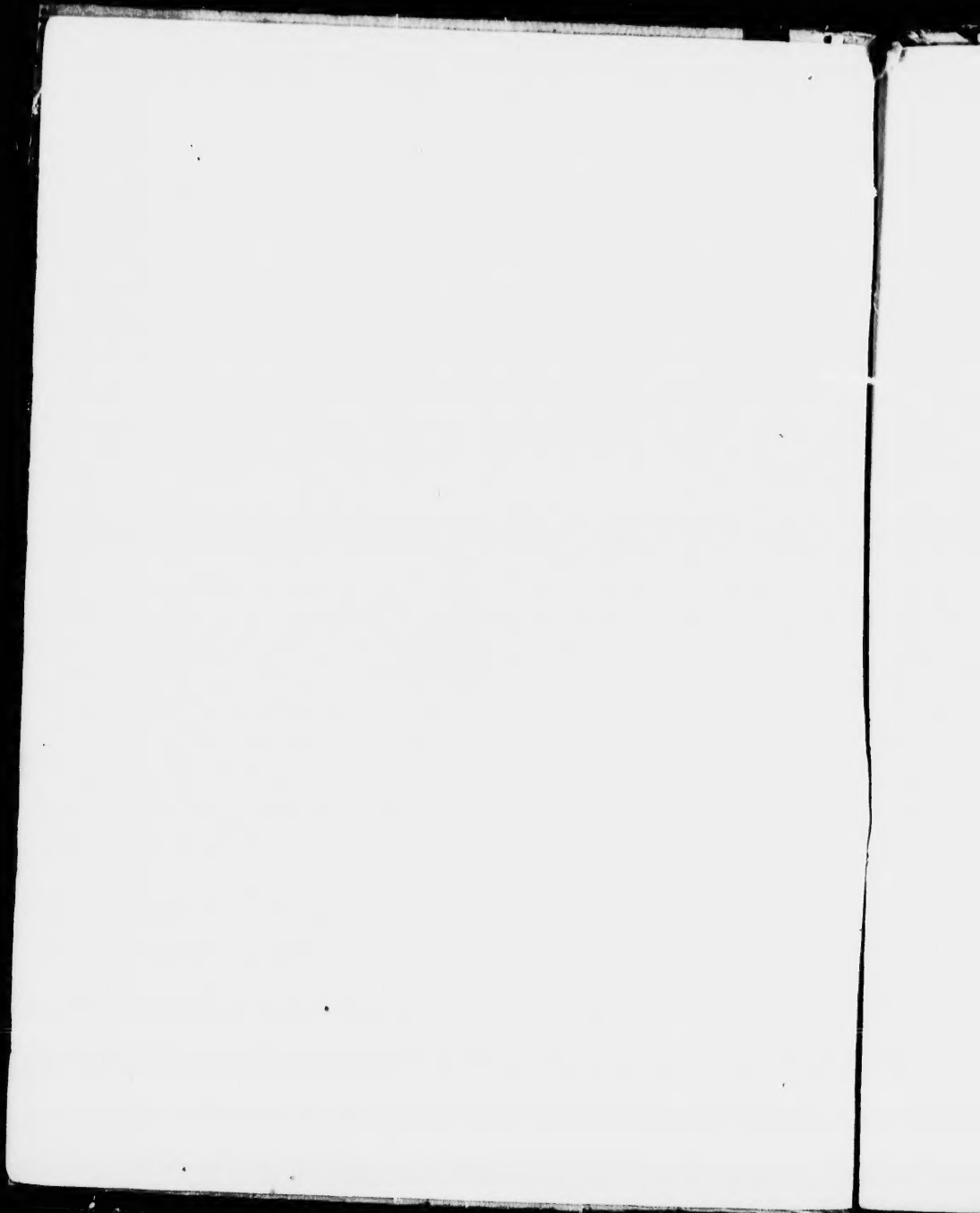
24

Greetings from Mayflower Land

With the author's
Copyright
in many States



BY A. L. O. H.



THE END OF THE STORM.

The day before, a ruthless August gale
Had fiercely swept the Nova Scotia Shores
Beyond our sheltered bay ;
And news of wreck and loss far down the coast
Had touched our hearts for those that silent bled
And those that cursed the day.

As tho' our pitying eyes could reach to them
We looked from seaward windows, as we talked,
To the tossing sea outside ;
And as it swept across the harbor mouth
In sullen swellings rolling out its wrath,
A great wave turns aside.

And as it rushes in along the base of a cliff
It leaps upon a ragged pile of rock
And breaks and scatters far,
Just as another, following in its wake,
Leaps, breaks and sends its waters, streaked with white
To the calm within the bar.

Another comes, like a laughing, saucy girl
Knowing her power in her beauty lies—
And slaps the tall rock's face ;
But by the black cliff's solemn strength defied
It dances back and flaunts its glittering foam
Like a robe of snowy lace.

And the glorious sunshine touches all the scene,
And offers calm and peace and courage new
To hearts crushed and forlorn ;
And it weans our thoughts from the awful and the dark,
The terror is past, beauty and blessed hope
Come with the end of the storm.

DRIFTING.

I remember how we drifted, careless where,
Tho' a moonlit track invited, far and fair,
And the cove lay glassy still,
In the shadow of the hill,
With its scattered home lights gleaming here and there.

And our conversation drifted, without note,
Round and round, back and forth, as our boat ;
And the pauses filled the ear
With the ripples, soft and clear
At our bow, the happy hour we were afloat.

Now, our paths apart have drifted, far and sure,
But the memory of that eve so sweet and pure
On each heart is fixed forever,
Till eternity discover
That unspoken earthly friendships shall endure.

MEMORY SET RIGHT.

I had thought it was the brook that charmed me then
As it slid along the grassy, level spots,
Or danced and tore headlong among the rocks ;
So I went back to that same spot in after years
To find sweet rest and taste of merriment,
But found it not.

Then I thought it was the pine trees and the wind,
That had once in summer days entranced my soul,
And that it was their whispering high o'er head
Or strewing slender shadows on the earth ;
So I sought beneath those trees again that joy,
But felt it not.

No ! It surely was the birds that made my heart so
light
That my life had seemed all song and harmony ;
And I thought to banish discord from my life,
By listening to the burst of morning song
Or the sweeter evening twitter 'mong the trees—
But care remained.

Then I *knew* it was the *friend* of those dear days—
Our souls had touched and made sweet harmony ;
The world was light because her eyes were there,
And the world is not the same, for she is gone,
And nothing but the echo of her voice
Can I find there.

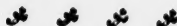
BADDECK, CAPE BRETON

A PICTURE.

BEFORE, a beauteous bay of fair Bras d'Or,
With Spectacle Isle and high Beinn Breagh's point
Thrust boldly out to meet the incoming boat.

BEHIND, the mountains stretch, from out whose
depths
Far-sounding waterfalls pour out the heart's blood of
the wooded hills
Into green intervals, all river-veined.

BETWEEN, the narrow strip of quaint old town.



MISTS.

Light fogs shifting, drifting down the glen.
Settling, showing hilltops now and then ;
Slowly rising, spreading, hovering there,
Stealing soft o'er head in morning air ;
Coming ghostly, as memories, thought would grasp
Haunt me sometimes, creeping from the past ;
Fading, as realities Love would keep,
Leave us full of longing vague and deep.

point

t whose
blood of
wn.

A GLIMPSE AND A THOUGHT.

Only a pool in a low-lying dell,
Seen for a moment, but none could tell
In a moment's breath, the beauty disclosed
By that half-hidden picture of sweet repose.

Of the log 'neath the surface, which solemn decay
Is mantling with mosses, brown, green and gray ;
Of the full life young saplings which lean o'er the
brim

And smile at their shadows that waver within.

Death close beside Life—but beautiful, too ;
Sometimes hearts turn away from the bright and the
new,

And eyes grow a-weary of movement and glow,
And lovingly turn to the quiet below.

So, a time-weary soul, as it nears waters deep,
Sees rest everlasting, beyond the death sleep.

grasp

INGONISHE, CAPE BRETON.

Fair Ingonishe, fair Ingonishe !
Our hearts turn back to thee,
To restful hours where silence dwelt
O'er field and sun-kissed sea.

O Ingonishe, fair Ingonishe !
Once more we feel the spell
Of cliffs where sweet ground cedar trailed,
Of granite beach whose drowsy tide
Brought peace when evening fell.

Sweet grassy walks of Ingonishe !
To where the trout pools hide
'Mid circling hills whose snow-fed falls
Drop down the wooded side.

Bold "Smoky " point of Ingonishe !
Stern king of all that coast,
The glories viewed from thy tall crown
Have made us love *thee* most.

Wild Ingonishe, wild Ingonishe !
Our thoughts go back to thee—
To awe-inspiring thoughts of God
Beside thy storm-lashed sea.

When tempests rage at Ingonishe
Men's hearts are chill with fear,
For loss of life and hard-earned gains
Is part of every year.

Thy headlands bold, thy rocky coves
No raptures bring these men ;
They ask alone for life and food—
We ask that in the future's good
We see thee once again.

CHILDREN THRICE.

Thrice are we children in our short lives—thrice,
And first when we are little

When all the world is big, and all so true,
And life so long we cannot *guess* the time
When all life's work is done,
But days are full of joys, and everything is new.

Then, when we are in love, for then we do
Such silly, childish things

That we should blush to have the children know.
So little disappoints, and just a word
A sudden pleasure brings,
And tell-faces secret feelings show.

Then, when the helplessness of age creeps on
And others do for us,

The steady frame grows weary—work days cease,
The scheming mind is simple once again,
Children—but with regrets?

No, these have faded in the growing light of peace.

I AND THE LAKE.

The great Lake's waves

 Rolled in at my stranger feet in pompous play,
And smilingly asked,

 "Are *we* not as good as the Sea you have dreamed of to-day?"

"Nay," I said "nay,

 Your beautiful waves wash the same pebbles hour after hour.
Why not come up,
 And drive boastful man back—back, by your power ;

I dare you, recede,

 Drawn out by the closing strength of the Unseen Hand ;
Come, leave weed-covered rocks
 As dry as the hill-tops afar on the land."

"Look far out," it said,

 "Your eye cannot reach to the shores where my great
 ships go."

"Nay, it cannot," I said,

 "But the shores are your own, *not* the lands where the
 strange fruits grow—

Nor the Islands of palms,

 Nor the bleak, snowy shores of the fur-trader's gains.

Our ships in their wake

 Bring a breath of new life, and a stir in the old man's veins."

"But, how balmy," it said,

 "Are my breezes that play on your sun-burned cheek"—

"Oh ! My heart " I broke in,

 " How we long for the salt moistened palm and the sting of
 the brine,

And the cool morning fog,

 As it draws out the scent of the clover and pine."

Let us hasten away

 To the land of the Sea we shall dream of to-night
There live in its life,

 Till Eternity's Ocean rolls in on our sight.

THIS CITY AND THAT.

My vision here is limited by city walls, and brick
and stone,

By human faces all unknown to me ;

But one day I shall stand, my hand within the Christ's —

Companionship and glory filling me—

And watch the wonder of the swinging worlds.

Here, I but listen to the din and clatter of the city
streets,

Discordant human voices piercing all ;

But one day I shall soar, confusion left behind,

With waves of sound celestial moving me

And, soaring, rest in music sweet and true.



GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY.—(A Fragment.)

Let not the years be wrenched from hands that bleed
with clinging ;

But, with the *right*, forgiving kisses to December
flinging ;

Hold out the *left*, in hope, to January.

AUTUMN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

How lavishly He paints,
In green, crimson, scarlet and gold,
How varied the design
In delicate tracing or bold—
A Master Mind these autumn glories hold.

Although he needs must give
Winter sleep to the woods and flowers,
Yet the beauty of Autumn's enough
To delight us till Spring sun and showers—
A Loving Heart these Autumn glories hold.



HOPE.

You cannot come to me—I go to you
Some happy day ;
The way cannot be dark, since Christ and you
Have passed that way.

I cannot give *you* aught—but you to me
May this bequeath,
The mantle of the brightness of thy life
Around me wreath.

I cannot talk to you, but truly you
Tho' dead, yet speak.
Oh ! give a benediction from thy Rest
For our love's sake.

A.

hold.

ers,

owers—
hold.

and you

e

e

WILSON'S PUBLISHING CO., INC.